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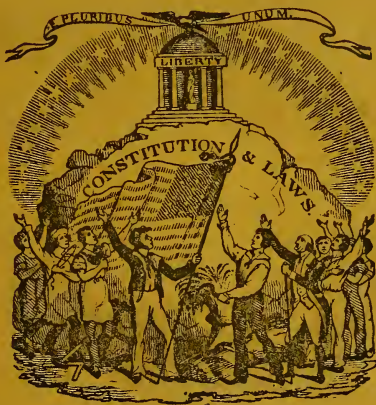
O TEMPORA! O MORES!



A 'NATIVE' POEM,

BY

A YANKEE LAWYER.



**"Beware of Foreign Influence."**



O TEMPORA! O MORES!

..

## A POEM.

GIVING IN THE ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE,

## A KEY

TO THE GRAND MAXIMS OF REPUBLICAN LIBERTY,

TOGETHER WITH SOME OF

THE EFFECTS OF EUROPEAN MORALS AND CUSTOMS.

BY

A YANKEE LAWYER.

*J. Savile* ?



PHILADELPHIA:

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by J. Saunders

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READ AND PONDER

THE

AMERICAN REPUBLICAN MAXIMS.

"BEWARE OF FOREIGN INFLUENCE."

"Papacy is, politically, the enemy of Liberty."

"The right of conscience is the key to Democracy."

"The Bible is the very shield of our Constitution."

"The strength of a nation is in her moral power."

"The march of mere intellect is the rogue's march."

"The civil arm must guard the Laws of a free people."

"The School-house is a tower stronger than armies."

"The Freeman's birthright is to rule his native land."

"Nations have their National Airs, Families their

"Fire-side Melodies, Churches their Anthems;"

"Love of Country,' 'Love of Friends,' 'Love of God."

## CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION—the birth day of Liberty—its celebration a sacred festival—Freedom's Paradise—Visions of a patriot—Primitive history—the land of the free—its bright promise—a spectre rises—clouds threaten—comments—the Circle, political, social, moral—Customs of the past and present—Consequences—Evils now suffered—Cause—Remedy—Oracle—the duty of freemen—Perpetuity of the Union—Final triumph of her principles—her last enemy *Popery*—the Roman Church—her infallibility—her Convents—her orders—her Creed—Burning of the Bible—Tearing of the Pennon of Liberty—love of blood—her universal identity—Patriot invokes the sword—a voice, arms for bigots—truth is mighty—Christianity republican—the Oath valueless without the Scriptures—Bible, shield of the Constitution—Protestantism and Popery contrasted—the tree known by its fruit—choral hymn—the Stars and Stripes a *Scripture* emblem—the Pope meddles with our Institutions—Freedom's watchmen sound the alarm—the *Natives* rise, assert their birthright—Rome is charged

with her iniquities—the civil arm, guard of the Republic—the martial offspring of Despotism—Temple of the Free—its security, moral power—the Scriptures the Palladium of Liberty—Freedom a vine planted by the Pilgrims—Native maxims—Earth's emancipation—the *Fourth of July* still celebrated.

## ADDENDA.

An Oracle foretells the result of the Presidential election—the laws are executed—the Union prospers—the liberty of the Pilgrim Fathers is perpetuated to all generations—and to Heaven is given the glory.

# O TEMPORA! O MORES!

## AN AMERICAN POEM.

PREPARED FOR THE MERIDIAN OF PHILADELPHIA,

BUT

ADAPTED TO MOST OF THE TOWNS OF THE

SISTER STATES.

---

THE tale we tell think not a hummer,  
Nor yet an elf, or fairy comer,  
For as from lips and voice that gave it  
The page was penn'd, just so you have it.

It hints, in course, of days and deeds,  
Of belles, of beaux, of dogs, of steeds,  
Of husbands, wives, of popes, of kings,  
And mentions many other things.

It speaks of honour and ambition,  
Of wealth, of pride, of man's condition,  
Of virtues, vices, fashions, crimes,  
Of manners, politics, the times,  
Of sects and parties, codes, and rules,  
Of churches, theatres, and schools,

Of doctors, lawyers, teachers, gents,  
Of heroes, statesmen, presidents,  
Of freedom—but lest time should fail,  
We'll just begin and tell the tale ;  
Premising that the crowning story  
Is set with gems of *Native* glory.

It seems upon a certain season,  
For which the Yankees have their reason,  
About that solstice of the year,  
When flowers in prime of bloom appear,  
That freedom's sons with their descendants  
All celebrate their independence.  
And as a thought at once may fix  
On July Fourth in Seventy-Six,  
'They read of "Rights" that "Declaration,"  
Which gave existence to a nation ;  
Recounting o'er each page of sadness,  
That crown'd a wilderness with gladness.

It is a day of jubilee,  
That rings with pæans of the free ;  
Of song, of mirth, of exultations,  
Of bonfires and illuminations,  
Of joy, of feasting, of thanksgiving,  
Of honour, to the dead and living :

Such Moses saw, when Israel's band  
Left Egypt for the promis'd land ;  
Such Joshua saw, when Israel stood  
Upon dry ground in Jordan's flood ;  
A day of triumph in resemblance,  
Held ever sacred to remembrance.  
Like that of time's commemoration  
When God completed the creation,  
Or when the Gospel light, unfurl'd,  
Proclaimed redemption to a world,  
It speaks that era of the earth,  
When Liberty burst into birth,  
And reason daring right to scan,  
In God's own image stood a man ;  
When Faith, in democratic dress,  
That truth proclaim'd, the race to bless,  
Which must, ere long, of Adam all  
Redeem, regenerate, disenthral ;  
Extending on through generations  
The beacon light of all the nations.

On such a day of sacred joy,  
While Freedom might each thought employ,  
With contemplations round him roaming  
Of days by gone and days yet coming,

Now scanning of the past the story,  
Now through the vista future glory,  
With customs and with times to pick on  
A patriot sought the Wissahickon.

The grove to those who have not seen  
Is Nature's temple. Curtains green  
With veils of flowers are hung around,  
And granite carpets pave the ground.  
With majesty, serenely drest,  
In grandeur's robe, of strength arrayed,  
With beauty as a crowning crest  
And splendour like a cloak o'erlaid,  
From mount and plain, from grove and bower,  
From glade and glen, from shrub and flower ;  
From bush and brake, from vine and tree,  
A something speaks of Liberty.  
Above a sombrous time-worn shade  
Far overhangs the broken heath,  
Through which the sun's rays dimly wade  
And checker all the scene beneath.  
For trunks that have gone ages stood,  
The fathers of the forest wood,  
Whose fractur'd arms and giant forms,  
By misleto and moss o'ergrown,

With scars of lightning's winds and storms,  
That speak of generations flown,  
Form haunts, where legends breathe their lay,  
So like the grottoes, caves and grove,  
Where Eve with Adam once did play  
In primal innocence and love,  
That Nature in her glories drest,  
Tells yet the tale the "Pair" was blest :  
For matin song and vesper hymn,  
That echo did in Eden mock,  
When chanted by the cherubim,  
Is still heard there from rock to rock ;  
And could the spot be christen'd twice,  
We'd call it Freedom's Paradise.

Now here, on mount the laurel blooming,  
The elder all the vale perfuming,  
The red rose with its petals single  
Exhaling fragrance through the dingle,  
He sat, transported with the sight,  
And viewed his country with delight.  
He hailed her sons a nation free,  
Their land the home of Liberty ;  
Nor dream'd he that in Freedom's skies  
So soon would clouds of danger rise.

For there, beneath umbrageous bowers  
Of festoons form'd by Nature's flowers,  
And arbours that might well receive  
In sinless state the primal Eve,  
'The grain, like waves in distance rolling,  
The flocks and herds the meadows strolling,  
The maiden seen thro' weeping willow  
Like swan 'mid rushes on the billow,  
The wild bird 'mong the branches flitting,  
The tame deer on his haunches sitting,  
The squirrel barking, insects humming,  
Red fox lurking, pheasant drumming,  
The fish, the frog, the pure stream diving,  
The earth, all cloth'd in beauty thriving,  
As one whose birthright bid him stand  
A fellow of young Freedom's band,  
A lion, tranquil in his lair,  
A heart to feel, a soul to dare,  
A temper of that sterner mood,  
To quail but for his country's good,  
Of skill to grapple in debate,  
Of judgment clear, thro' hope elate,  
With spirit free, and pure and high,  
He thus discours'd of years gone by.

“ Know ye the land, where a wilderness growing,  
The red man late cours'd the rude wilds in the  
chase,  
Where the earth in luxuriance her bounties be-  
stowing,  
Gave her fruits to an untutor'd race ?

Know ye the land, where the billow tost ranger  
A home sought and country all hallowed the  
spot,  
Where the lord of the wild hail'd with welcome  
the stranger,  
'To receive and to share in his lot ?

Know ye the land, by intolerance planted  
With self-banished worthies, the Gospel their  
hope,  
Where the freedom of conscience to all men is  
granted,  
'Thus annulling the rules of the Pope ?

Know ye the land where in civilization,  
Like flowers of the tropics sprang cities and  
towns,

Where a people enlightened, the germ of a  
nation,  
Paid a tribute to things that wore crowns ?

Know ye the land, where oppression did waken  
A spirit that vow'd Independence to seize ;  
Where the soul's high resolve in its purpose un-  
shaken,  
Bid the " Stars " and the " Stripes " float the  
breeze ?

Know ye the land, where a Washington flourish'd,  
Where titles and honours by merit they scan,  
Where heroes and statesmen and patriots are  
nourish'd,  
And, 'tis talent with worth makes the man ?

Know ye the land, where equality reigning,  
The " ermine " and " garter " are things of the  
shade,  
Where the free choose their servants, good order  
maintaining,  
And the laws by the many are made ?

Know ye the land, where the eagle undaunted,  
Ne'er shrinks from the sun in the pride of his  
flight,  
Where the yeomen possess the kind soil they  
have planted,  
In a region of thought and of light?

Know ye the land, where the Bible respected,  
Was made by the fathers a book of the schools,  
Where the Law with the Gospel by none is  
rejected,  
Save by "infidels," "papists" and "fools?"

Know ye the land, where the heart in commotion  
Ne'er trembles in awe of a potentate's rod,  
Where in peace at the altar, with faith and devo-  
tion,  
Each may worship in spirit his God?

'Tis the clime of the sunset, this bright land of ours,  
Tho' in liberty fruitful, yet fragrant with flowers,  
Like a blush of the morning, reflected at even,  
Late a wild, 'tis the type for all realms under  
heaven.

From the East to the West, on the mountain and  
wave,  
Shall her children be hailed as the "fair" and the  
"brave,"  
And her name on Fame's tablet, engraven shall be,  
"The realm of the Blest and the home of the  
Free."

As the star of the morn, that presages the sun,  
Does Aurora lead on, till the bright day is won ;  
So the "Union" of stars, Freedom's focus of  
light,  
Shall on tyranny beam and dispel papal night.

Yes, to her shall the thrones of the dark ages bow,  
The "cross" with the "crescent" in honour lie  
low,  
For her stars and her stripes shall in light be un-  
furled,  
Till her eagle shall cry, "Be ye free," to the  
world.

To the flag of young Freedom shall fly the opprest,  
In her realm shall the people, the nations find  
rest,

She shall be truth's asylum, in youth, age, and  
prime,  
And "her reign tho' the last, yet the noblest of  
time."

He said, and as the parried lance  
In tilt or tournament may glance,  
As shadows oft around us play,  
While still we view the solar ray,  
As tidings may unlooked for come  
To shroud in gloom the joyous home;  
So he, thus rapt in pride of feeling,  
Hope, yet her cheering smiles revealing,  
His eye, still resting on the leaf  
Of Freedom's history, bright tho' brief,  
Like cloud upon cerulean skies,  
That threatens desolating shower,  
Beheld a war-plumed spectre rise  
To gird itself in robes of power;  
And thus it frown'd upon the free,  
"I take responsibility."

It was a spectre of the age  
Its haunt a western hermitage,

And like a herald of the Pope,  
Whose promise but deludes the hope,  
Like harbinger of coming joys,  
Whose erring flattery decoys,  
It left those western shades elate,  
To perch upon the throne of state.  
And like the spirit of the cloud,  
That throws o'er all things bright a shroud,  
Like meteor of no certain form,  
Presaging some disastrous storm ;  
A hollow voice from ocean's wail,  
Precursor of approaching gale ;  
Or mildew on the blooming plain,  
To rust the grass and blight the grain,  
It rested on that sceptre free,  
A bird of evil destiny ;  
Regardless of the sullied fame,  
That must await young Freedom's name.

To broils and battles, fields of danger,  
To feats of arms, it was no stranger.  
For like some messenger of wrath  
To scourge the Britain in his path,  
Or like the falcon in his pride,  
With some pluck'd eagle as a guide,

Like lion pouncing on his prey  
Some jackal leading on the way,  
A martial guardian, rashly good,  
It oft on victory's brow had stood ;  
And history still doth tell the story  
Of laurel crowns and deeds of glory.  
But as the ship may storms outride,  
Still spreading sails untorn with pride,  
While he, who guides the tempest thro',  
Knows when and where and how to do,  
Yet breakers soon that bark overwhelm,  
If skillless pilot take the helm ;  
So did our nation pass thro' wars,  
And gather glory with few scars,  
So did the " Union " her sails spread,  
While men of skill her counsels led ;  
But when he grasp'd her helm of power,  
Around the state dark clouds did lower ;  
For then, like auguries of yore,  
Events their shadows cast before.  
Yes, as the frost in early spring  
Doth nip the buds ere blossoming,  
As icy coldness in the breeze  
Doth chill the plant and blast the trees,

As vermin clustered on the stem,  
Doth soil the leaf and spoil the gem,  
'That autumn's groves and summer's bowers  
Are thus foreshorn of fruits and flowers ;  
So did Old Hickory, time hath said it,  
Destroy both home and foreign credit,  
And doom the country, on the morrow,  
To debt, to danger, and to sorrow.  
Her gloom was like her wonted glory,  
And thus we have the Patriot's story—

“ Once there were seasons  
    When good men might slumber,  
Wants had their reasons,  
    And evil deeds number ;  
Faith on bright pinions  
    Hail'd, virtue in station,  
While sycophant minions  
    Were not of our nation :  
Honour and duty  
    Were counted our glory,  
Plunder and booty  
    The dark things of story ;  
Lawyers were worsted,  
    Each truth had its teaching,

'The clergy were trusted,  
We had honest preaching ;  
Hearts then were single,  
The free wore no collar,  
Or quailed to hear jingle  
The "almighty dollar."  
They trusted in no luck,  
In stocks none played gammon,  
They nor bowed to Moloch,  
Or yet worship'd Mammon.  
The hair-brain decision  
That all wealth is money,  
Was hail'd like the vision  
That sweet is but honey ;  
They govern'd ambition,  
For honesty kept her  
Where law gave permission  
To use purse or sceptre."

He paused, and yet a look reveal'd  
Far more than words had unconcealed.  
He saw that men of foreign boast  
In threat'ning aspect throng'd the coast ;

That Freedom's home was growing rife  
With error and with reckless strife ;  
That men in place of elevation  
Were but the tools of mere dictation,  
And rogues indeed, nor yet a few,  
Were clothed with powers to honor due ;  
That partisans, the " Hickory Foxes,"  
Would even steal the ballot boxes ;  
While truth and justice, law and reason,  
In politics, were out of season.

Then turning to the social round,  
Where peace and friendship once were found,  
Where woman like an angel kind  
Did soothe and cheer the sterner mind,  
And to the heart apply that balm  
Which gently lull'd the spirit calm ;  
And even there, some rabid faction  
Had put the women all in action,  
The artless smile, the grace, the beauty,  
The pets, the flowers, the task of duty,  
The more retired, domestic cares,  
In shade were thrown by state affairs ;  
And, though not vers'd in politics,  
Yet flags and bouquets they could fix,

And hence each Miss, who had her hearty,  
Had song or scandal for his party.

And in the moral circle, too,  
'Bout nothing there was much ado ;  
For though all Protestants agreed,  
The Bible taught alone their creed,  
Without a hint to that coercion  
Which Roman prelates call perversion,  
Yet sects and parties had their "ism,"  
And then, withal, their catechism ;  
So much inclined were men to nibble  
At shades and forms, where not a dribble  
Of truth or light could reason find  
To elevate the Christian mind ;  
While Anti-Christ, the moral foe  
Of Liberty, could union show.  
Indeed, it seemed that of the whole,  
The body politic and soul,  
Unless there were some emendation,  
The hope were vain to save the nation ;  
The prospects all were fraught with sorrow,  
Foreboding evil on the morrow,  
Portending factions and pollution,  
Which threatened sore the constitution ;

Yet as by Liberty, enchanted,  
Of better days he thus descanted :

“ Tho’ dark is the scene,  
Once the promise of gladness,  
Ever cheering and sheen,  
Might dispel every sadness.  
The demagogue then  
Was in this land a stranger,  
Our yeomen were men  
To scan closely each danger ;  
Yes, virtue, alone,  
Was the joy of the people,  
And justice had tone  
Like a bell on a steeple ;  
The radical wight,  
Or the Papist suborning,  
If heard of at night,  
Was not seen in the morning ;  
For rogues, altho’ some,  
Like the unsinging Quakers,  
Most artfully mum  
Kept a look out for breakers.”

He paused ; then as from reverie woke,  
And still of years bygone thus spoke :

“ There was a time, an era when  
Young Freedom had for rulers men,  
When all the orders of the wise  
In varied grace without disguise,  
Regarding each their proper station,  
Did honour to the race and nation ;  
When power conferred a trust of duty,  
And office was not sought for booty ;  
When men of candour were selected,  
And rogues, though foreigners, rejected ;  
When prudent fathers, yeomen able,  
Graced well the democratic table,  
And mothers with their smiling daughters,  
Like oil, when poured on troubled waters,  
Could tame the tempers of their sons,  
And watch with joy the little ones.  
When love of order and of duty  
Were more esteemed than wealth or beauty,  
And flowing locks of borrow'd curls  
With morals left to “ priest-rid ” girls,  
Were yet unmentioned. In those times,  
The parent nipp'd the buds of crimes ;  
For seeds of error, sown in youth,  
Full well they knew would shade the truth :

And hence the child on mother's knee,  
Was taught of God and Liberty.  
Then, all contented with their lot,  
Few cared to seem what they were not,  
But as republicans were plain,  
And in their notions somewhat sane,  
Dissimulation, being scarce,  
The social circle was no farce ;  
For honest in each thought and feeling,  
The very smile a truth revealing,  
As birds or squirrels in their nest,  
The host was happy with his guest ;  
Each counting joy or grief essential  
As all with man is providential.  
Then cold formality was rare,  
For strangers seldom met to stare  
And glances change, like baboons, when  
Mere decency might make them men ;  
But each, regarding every other  
Of Freedom's sons an equal brother,  
Was ever pleased to join in story  
A sharer of the nation's glory ;  
And thus in etiquette to run  
The path as trod by Washington.

Those olden times were not as now,  
Then every husband kept à cow,  
And children, taking tea in silk,  
Kept rosy on fresh bread and milk ;  
Then social visits, paid by cards,  
Were oft returned in neighbours' yards,  
For upstart rank, that imp of pride  
Which would republicans deride,  
Wore yet the mark of foreign grade,  
And virtue kept it in the shade ;  
For mothers dared sweep their own houses,  
And make their children's frocks and trouses,  
To cleanse their pantries, wash their dishes,  
And, sometimes, even scale their fishes ;  
While milk-maids in their plain case bonnets,  
With matin songs and vesper sonnets,  
On tripod throne, all queenlike seated,  
By flocks of smiling children greeted,  
Upon the lawn beneath the trees,  
Where buzzing flock'd the labouring bees,  
Or in the more sequester'd hall,  
Where they the kine might gently call,  
In blushes valued more than money,  
Sang ours the land of milk and honey.

Then happiness was counted treasure,  
And industry was link'd with pleasure,  
The coxcomb nice, with pimps and dandies  
That sip their wine and suck their candies,  
Were fed on mush, and soup and porridge,  
And cooler heads had purer courage.  
The blooded steed to sport at races,  
And hounds to show their master's graces,  
With mustache such as monkeys dash on,  
Were not, as yet, with us the fashion,  
Since only that which duty pleaded,  
Plain honest people thought they needed.  
Then every wight of rank plebeian,  
Talk'd not of waiters European,  
Nor yet were taxes laid on purses  
To rouge dry dames, or fee wet nurses,  
For woman fair without resentment,  
Made home the sphere of blest contentment,  
While elder sisters rock'd their brothers,  
And fondlings had for nurses mothers.

Those were days when men lived longer,  
Wives were happier, friends were stronger,  
Hopes were higher, children fairer,  
Truth more valued, error rarer,

Joys were richer, feelings purer,  
Vows more sacred, credit surer,  
Hearts were warmer, spirits finer,  
Words more free, and thoughts diviner.  
Days of struggle after knowledge,  
Days when doctors had seen college,  
When the teacher liv'd in story,  
And the artisan had glory,  
When mechanics were respected,  
Quacks and dandies were neglected,  
When the dentist was the barber,  
And the tailor or the garber,  
So exactly set his stitches,  
That men only wore the breeches.  
Days when honesty was duty,  
When the smile of health was beauty,  
When dame nature gave her creatures  
Forms adapted to their features ;  
Ere the belle in pigmy trussle,  
Met the gale with giant "bustle,"  
Or stay'd beaux in schools quite normal,  
Had become so flat and formal.  
When the merchant, and the farmer,  
Woo'd alike the kitchen charmer ;

And the lass the most attractive  
To the batchelor, was active,  
Not like stocks she might inherit,  
But in showing household merit.  
When (the truth you sure will pardon)  
Maids were sought, who dress'd the garden,  
And the parson, wise by reading,  
And the lawyer, skill in pleading,  
Seeking there these lovely thrushes,  
Oft beguil'd their modest blushes ;  
While your wasp-waist bloodless creatures,  
Shaded plants in form and features,  
With your prim cosmetic darlings,  
Ever caged like untam'd starlings,  
And your hauteur parlor ladies,  
Were but play'd with as doll babies.

And in those better, olden times,  
They had less bickerings and less crimes,  
Less drinking and less oyster suppers,  
Less work for bleeders, leechers, cuppers,  
Less of distress, and less privation,  
Less vileness from intoxication ;  
For alcohol and fam'd vanilla,

The wine flask and the frozen creams,  
Like grave Charybdis and grim Scylla,

Of danger opposite extremes,  
'They viewed as all the prudent do,  
And wisely steer'd between the two,  
For where approach was safe to neither,  
'Twas surely well to touch not either.  
The fashion then of foreign sinners,  
Who so their regimen refine,  
As just to take their bedtime dinners,  
And breakfast at the hour to dine,  
Was not, as yet, the "mode" elitely,  
The "ton," republican completely,  
Since democrats, consulting reason,  
Would breakfast, dine, and sup in season ;  
Presuming luxuries and wealth  
Were not designed to injure health.

Then morals mingled in their ways  
Their pleasures, sports, amusements, plays,  
And theatres, tho' understood,  
If well conducted to be good,  
Presented truth so clothed in error,  
That if not sinks of moral terror,  
Were yet so doubtful in condition,  
So ever to excite suspicion,  
That every one, who self respected,  
This Thespian haunt of vice neglected :

For where vulgarities unite  
To shock “ profanely,” ears polite,  
Where flush intemperance and crime,  
May take the seats the most sublime ;  
Where each obscenity may sit,  
Or in the gallery or the pit,  
And married men may have their proxies,  
In every tier along the boxes,  
Sure decency and wisdom say,  
“ Would you be prudent, stay away.”  
And hence the virtues and the graces  
Attendance gave at no such places.

Such was the past, while now to scan  
The present, he with sighs began :

“ Alas for those days ! they are gone as a dream !  
Our life is a vapour, our time as a stream  
Glides swiftly away : of the past all bereft,  
We grasp at the future, till nothing is left.  
Thus evils increase, and the moments that roll  
Are but shadows to darken the hopes of the soul,  
And when we contemplate the prospect of years  
Our confidence falters, our hearts quail with fears,  
For who, that has noted the half of our errors,  
Hails now the dread present, an era of terrors ;

The unfaithful husband, the inconstant wife,  
The son and the daughter with recklessness rife,  
The faithless coquette and the gambler at plays,  
The swindler of banks and the scourge of high-  
ways,

The coin counterfeiter, the forger of notes,  
And the tool of the priest, that will barter his votes,  
The picker of pockets, the broker in stocks,  
The burglar of houses, the breaker of locks,  
The rifler of wallets, the robber of mails,  
And the creditor, who for a benefit fails,  
The smuggler of goods from the shop of his stay,  
The clerk that steals money to make a display,  
The liberty plunderer, your dealer in slaves,  
And the dead man purloiner, that robs even graves,  
Your sly finger'd stewards, your house filching  
‘gals,’

That make hells of your kitchens with rows and  
cabals,

The strong bottle toper, the doom'd debauchee,  
The quality bibber, your ala modee,  
With your temperance reformers, who still quaff  
their wine,

And your moral amusements, where scandal's  
divine ;

Your sects and your parties, that just keep the  
church,  
As the devil would have it, the more in the lurch ;  
'These, these are the fruits of a change from those  
times,  
For virtue there's fashion, for innocence crimes,  
For taste there are gewgaws, for beauty there's  
paint,  
For modesty shyness, for prudence restraint ;  
For wisdom there's cunning, for honesty show,  
And for rulers we have—but let not the world  
know,  
For who that has scanned the presages of late,  
Joins not with the court-crier, " God save the  
state."

Now the chance to live freemen with prospects  
like these,  
Were like bottling the fragrance that floats on  
the breeze ;  
And error is somewhere, and mark here the cause,  
'Tis an influence foreign controlling the laws,  
A spirit prelatie, a sprig of old Rome,  
That by burning our bibles, would make this her  
home,

The shade of his popeship, an offspring of evil,  
The master of slaves, and his master the devil ;  
Yes, such is the Roman and such his commission,  
And such is the secret of Freedom's condition :  
Then as we a palladium for mankind would be.  
Let our own native born rule the realm of the free,  
'Tho' we offer to all an asylum with pleasure,  
Let the birth-right of Freedom remain as our treasure ;

Let the stranger have home, lands and wealth,  
but in schools

Let no papal demagogue dictate our rules.

For suppose ye that we independent may stand,  
And sing "Hail Columbia," the thrice happy  
land,

With the strange renegado, exalted to power,  
And the outcasts of tyrants to guard Freedom's  
bower !

That we, when such tidings may sound thro' the  
earth,

In praise of that country which gave Freedom  
birth,

When such are the anthems that tyranny swells,  
To honor the "Union" where Liberty dwells,

May be known and be hail'd on the mountain and  
wave,

As the "land of the free" and the "home of the  
brave !"

That we will be cheer'd, as that star whose  
bright ray

Shall lead on the nations from darkness to day !

No, no, we must alter and better our ways,

And return to the deeds of the good olden days,

Remembering that we, democratic, plebeian,

But borrow a curse in the modes European.

We must gird on our armour, arouse to our duty,

Come forth in our strength, our integrity, beauty,

Till afar thro' the realms may resound the glad  
story,

That virtue is honour and honesty glory,

That justice with candour, like plant in its flower,

The fragrance of bloom, is the lustre of power ;

That wisdom is wealth, and religion a jewel,

Deception a flame, and hypocrisy fuel ;

That prudence is Freedom, Truth better than  
money,

And again shall our land flow with milk and with  
honey ;

Ay, and plum'd be our "eagle," our "pennon"  
unfur'd,

On the mountain and wave 'pride' and 'light' of  
the world."

'Twas thus a glancing thought he cast  
Along the present and the past ;  
And onward as his musings ran,  
Far down the future, did he scan,  
With feelings mingling hopes and fears,  
The harbingers of coming years ;  
And as the heralds came and went  
To bear the varied notes of sorrow,  
Announcing each some dark intent,  
Some tale of woe upon the morrow,  
An unknown voice in accents clear,  
With trumpet tongue, broke on the ear—  
" Friend, friend of man, feel not dismay,  
Thy country's gloom shall pass away ;  
Altho' now veil'd in shades of night,  
Her coming day is rob'd in light.  
'True Liberty, remember hence,  
A price will have, 'tis vigilance.  
Who would be free must strike the blow.  
This precept did your fathers know,

And when the maxim you forget,  
Then will your sun of glory set.  
Hence, would you long the boon preserve,  
The claim, the honour well deserve,  
In mind keep this : integrity  
Nor gives or brooks an injury.  
Beware, mark well, beware to scan  
Your duty both to God and man ;  
And where your dwelling-place may be,  
There stands the realm of Liberty."

The patriot roused as from a trance,  
And gazing, with a hurried glance,  
Above, around, thro' all the air,  
As one on vacancy may stare,  
He smil'd—when thus, by fancy plum'd  
The voice Young Freedom's lot resum'd.  
"Her cause is great, her course is on,  
The wild-grass prairies of the West,  
The rock-bound cliffs of Oregon  
Shall glory in her high behest.  
In regions North toward the pole  
Her "stripes" shall on the broad Lakes roll,  
Where in that snow-clad waste of wonders  
O'er her high crags Niagara thunders ;

While on the south toward the line  
Her "stars" along the Gulf shall shine,  
In that bright land where roses blow  
And Texas smiles on Mexico ;  
Her sway shall, guiding earth's commotion,  
Extend from east to western ocean,  
And stretching then her liberal hand  
Across the deep to India's land,  
The sons celestial from their bowers  
The light of Liberty shall see,  
And, flocking to these shores of ours,  
Shall catch the spirit of the free.  
The curse of Ham shall be remov'd,  
And he with Ishmael shall be lov'd ;  
Yes Asia, ay, and Afric's coast,  
Shall cease their kings and slaves to boast ;  
The Isles, the Isles, the tide shall stem,  
And Liberty shall breathe on them ;  
The pagan realms all hail the day,  
When tyranny hath pass'd away,  
While Europe, in her robes may frown,  
Till prelacy shall crumble down.  
For in that jubilee of earth,  
When Freedom celebrates her birth,

The nations eye to eye will see,  
That Freedom's curse is popery."

A moment's pause, and then again  
The subject thus it did explain :

"The heathen are the sons of hope,  
But crouching bigots to the Pope  
Of moral truth so little ken  
That no device may make them men.  
The elevation of condition  
Where priest or prelate claims submission,  
Where Fear may kiss the rod that rules it,  
Or Faith may dread the scourge that schools it,  
Is yet that unaffected thing,  
Which robes the Pope and crowns the king ;  
Even France,\* with all her revolution,  
A tyrant rules by constitution.  
Yes, where the body and the soul  
Are made the subjects of control ;  
And where to plant the slavery deeper,  
And to enthrall the conscience better,  
The priest is made the spirit's keeper,  
Interpreter of word and letter ;

\*France has 32,000 Catholic priests, and is governed principally by martial law.

'Tis but the whim the fancy brings,  
'That would make freemen of such things ;  
The hope that waits the summer flower,  
When autumn's frosts are on the bower ;  
For prelacy let all men know  
To Freedom is a moral foe :  
The crozier, mitre, ermine, crown,  
The wafer charmed, the penance frown,  
The mass for those beyond the grave,  
Are but mere fetters for the slave ;  
Hence, Papal countries, as we see,  
Are not the realms of Liberty."

The patriot then, recounted o'er  
The history of the church of yore,  
How from the records he had learn'd,  
That heretics by Popes were burn'd,  
While he his Papal "Holiness"  
Assumed the power to curse or bless ;  
And as he passed in sad review  
The massacre Bartholomew,  
And other deeds of dark commission,  
Her persecutions, inquisition,

The host of martyrs she had slain  
Her iron sceptre to maintain,  
And how the "Holy Book" acquaints  
Her "drunken with the blood of saints ;"  
He found old Rome of crime was full,  
Yet claimed to be "infallible."

He viewed her convents' gloomy halls,  
Where error holds her festivals ;  
Where innocence in drapery dark  
Is made the dupe of treachery—Mark !  
He heard the sighs of sisters, mothers,  
The vows of fathers and of brothers,  
That rose upon the welkin's breath  
For those consigned to living death ;  
He saw, demure, the sabled nuns,  
Observed around the little ones,  
And deeply was on his remembrance  
Impressed a family resemblance ;  
Those friendless orphans seemed to wear  
The countenance of guardians there ;  
The eye, the brow, the smile, the cheek,  
Relation cognate seemed to speak ;  
While birds of shadows, like the owl,  
The nun in veil, the priest in cowl,

Were but a voice that ever sings  
The blessings which a nunnery brings.\*

But when he viewed the church a whole,  
Her dead'ning influence on the soul,  
Her dignitaries, orders all,  
The priest, the bishop, cardinal,  
The "man of sin" upon a throne,  
"Abaddon," the "Apollyon,"  
With robes reflecting the effulgence  
Of fraud-got wealth for sin's indulgence,  
The blighting scourge of history,  
Of "Babylon the Mystery,"  
The "Harlot Mother" giving birth  
"Abominations of the earth,"  
'Twas then he saw that Judah's Lion  
Alone could guard the gates of Zion.  
And scanning o'er her path to glory,  
The "Absolution," "Purgatory,"  
The "Host," "Auricular Confession,"  
The "Unction," "Penance" for transgression,  
The "Pater Nosters," "Av' Marias,"  
The "Masses" of the monks and friars,

\* See Bishop Hughes' *Schiffler Letter*. Also D'Aubigne's *History*, pages 12 and 13—Philad. ed.

'The "Sacraments," a dark oblation,  
Complete with "Transubstantiation,"  
While in her images you see  
The climax of idolatry ;  
'Twas clear, her creed was but a quibble  
'To bring contempt upon the Bible ;  
A snare, an anti-Christian schism  
To lead the mind to Atheism,  
Like France, when she on truth did trample,  
And rashly followed Rome's example.

Then passing from the olden world,  
Where to the stranger is unfurl'd  
The "Pennon" whose young eagle wings  
Are folded not to popes or kings,  
Where conscience in her unhedg'd bowers  
May garner either fruits or flowers ;  
While faith, at her own chosen shrine,

Unarm'd by prelate's threat'ning rod,  
Herself may scan the "Word divine,"

In truth to know, to worship God ;  
And there, within the Empire State,

At Carbo, alias Champlain,  
To show of heresy her hate,  
And prove, withal, herself insane,

The good old Bible of King James,  
Which Congress once did recommend,  
Was by her imps consigned to flames.

And that she might her creed extend,  
And in this realm of Freedom blest  
All Scripture precept put to rest,  
She gravely taught by Roman rules  
That no such "Book" should be in schools.  
'The owl is not just like the lark  
Which loves the light—it seeks the dark ;  
And as the church was here a stranger,  
The Truth might put the Faith in danger,  
And more, the Pope had will'd it ; hence,  
They with the Scriptures must dispense.

And here, perhaps, it should be told  
'This charming mandate is of old,  
For in no land of Papal creed  
Are children taught the "Word" to read ;  
Nay, such a thing no man may dare,  
As history plainly doth declare  
The heretic, who this right claims,  
The faithful should consign to flames,  
Or to the block, as they have done  
The Wirths, the father and the son,

With many a one, who for life's charter,  
The " Word of God," has died a martyr ;  
For Truth, the Bible, let all know,  
To Rome, is her most dangerous foe.\*

Then taking yet another view,  
Of papal treacheries not a few,  
As onward still the history run,  
He saw her deeds at Kensington :  
Where, in the temple of the free,  
The " Key-Stone" of our Liberty,  
Her foreign imps did rashly dare  
Young Freedom's " Starry Pennon" tear,  
And slaughter with her " priest-rid" train  
Did show old Rome herself again.  
For there, in her own haunt concealed,  
Too vile to stand upon the field,  
In faith, all wedded to the " beast,"  
In spirit, guided by the priest,  
To lay the unarm'd neighbour low,  
She aim'd the musket's deadly blow ;  
And thus by deed more dark than hell,  
The sons of native freemen fell.

\*See D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, pages 306 and 346. Also, bull of Pope Gregory XVI., 1832.

Yes, Schiffler, who the standard bore,  
And Cox, and Wright, and Rhinedollar,  
With Ramsey, Stillwell, Hammitt, Greble,  
And had the papal host been able,  
To do their work amid the flames,  
The time would fail to name the names.  
For from their dark, their convent halls,  
And other perforated walls,  
They "hurled the death shots thick and fast,"

Promiscuously on all beneath,  
That they, who unsuspecting pass'd,  
Were thus consigned to gloomy death ;  
Till reason, roused to riot passion,  
Put on her robes in Roman fashion,  
For, like the Bible of King James,  
Were church and dwelling wrapt in flames,  
And Liberty, in consternation,  
Wept to behold her desecration ;  
Yes Freedom said, " the deed is done,  
The tale is told, damnation won ;  
For hence in blood and flame we see,  
That Rome is Rome, where'er she be."

The patriot roused, and frenzy fired,  
Thus wildly of the winds inquired :

“ Spirit of death, where dost thou brood ?

Earth ! Earth and Heaven ! the truth indite !  
Spirit of Freedom, understood,

Gird on thy sword, for justice smite.”

His tones the thunder deep resembled,

And all the Wissahickon trembled ;

From rock to rock, from hill to hill,

The echo leaped, and all was still.

A voice responded “ Guard your trust,

But let the sword with bigots rust.

The elevation of the mind

Is Freedom’s motto. Let mankind,

Let all the people, age and youth,

Remember this, the Truth, the Truth,

The oracles of Revelation,

’Tis wisdom that doth guard a nation.

The conquest is not to the brave,

Or victory to the skilled in fight,

For one a thousand may enslave,

And two ten thousand put to flight.

The moral power that rules the storm

Is firm, is true, is kind, is warm :

’Tis courage fights, ’tis prudence conquers,

On these grand precepts Freedom anchors.

Be mild, be calm, from passion free,  
For reason dwells with Liberty."

The patriot gravely, then began  
Our institutions free to scan,  
And as he viewed the rare communion  
Of sects and creeds throughout the Union,  
The "Baptist," "Presbyterian," "Quaker,"  
The "Dutch," the "Methodist," the "Shaker,"  
"Disciples," all of varied rite,  
From "Mormon" down to "Millerite,"  
He found one baptized the "Catholic,"

Like frogs of Egypt sent to plague us,  
The styled "successors Apostolic,"

Their noted father Simon Magus.  
These used iniquity like honey  
And "Absolution" sold for money.\*  
They seemed a sect of varied clan,  
But not like us Republican.

He viewed them, marked their vile conditions,  
And soon aroused were his suspicions.  
He saw the 'Mark,' the 'Beast,' the 'Wo-  
man,'

'Twas sure enough that same old Roman !

\*See Acts of the Apostles viii, and D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, page 68.

He paused a moment, shook his head,  
Then musing loudly, thus he said :

“ It is a part of reason’s task,  
And hence we may with deference ask  
If they, the subjects of the Pope,  
On whose mere will may rest their hope,  
Or priest or laymen, one or both,  
May well be trusted under oath ?\*  
We put this question by intention,  
As one that charity should mention ;  
For if our country’s guardian rod  
Is rested on the book of God,  
And harbingers of ill or good  
Await its being understood,  
It is a question at this day,  
Which every freeman well should weigh.  
For if we dwell in Christian land,  
We should the Gospel understand.  
If Freedom’s temple we admire,  
And to her favours yet aspire,  
Her churches, schools, and halls of Justice,  
Each man should know in what his trust is.

\*In the British State trials of O’Connell, no papist  
was permitted to be empannelled on the Jury.

And why do freemen pledges make,  
When they the oath of office take ?  
What is the " Book " that oath presents  
To Judges and to Presidents ?  
What is our guardian from pollution ?  
What arm protects the Constitution ?  
Is it not known through all the nation  
Her corner stone is Revelation ?  
That in the cabinet, the field,  
The Bible is our sword and shield ?  
In Church, in State, in camp, in hall,  
Our helmet, breast-plate, buckler, all ?  
That in our Courts none testify  
Who may its doctrines dare deny ?  
How then can freeman know his duty,  
Who may not in its truth and beauty  
Scan that blest " Word," on whose attendance  
Must stand or fall our Independence ?  
Can any one its precepts know  
Who only to the priest may go,  
Without the Bible in his hand,  
Himself to read and understand ?  
Then of this book we should be wary,  
It is the one thing necessary.

For what alas would be the story  
Of Freedom's lot, our boast and glory,  
Should we its doctrines cast aside,  
And its commands no more abide ?  
Should we by Roman creeds be tost,  
Till with the Volume truth be lost,  
The record with that Gospel light,  
Whose absence caused the papal might ?  
Ken thro' the vista, man of reason,  
The picture, and take heed in season.  
For consequences would you know,  
See Spain, Brazil, see Mexico.  
Yes, could we history's page unroll  
From east to west, from pole to pole,  
And pass the nations in review,  
As mirror gives reflection true,  
Such would the contrast ever be  
Of Protestantism with Popery.  
Mark the Dissenter, note the Scott,  
The Yankees, for where are they not,  
And in each countenance you see  
The language written—"I am free."  
Go then to Ireland, Austria, Rome,  
Or any other papal home,

And in each haggard gaze you have  
The "Mark," the sign means—"I'm a slave."  
Whence is this difference, air, and mien,  
By each and every eye so seen ?  
Why like the lark, does one love light,  
The other, like the owl, the night ?  
Look to the Church, her creed, her laws,  
And there you have the legal cause.  
The former with the Bible spread  
Are bless'd by Gospel precepts led.  
The latter, bowing to the Beast,  
Are curs'd by his "Mass-offering" priest ;  
The one true liberty has nurs'd,  
The other tyranny has curs'd.

Why then do priest and prelate feign  
That wrongly we the "Word" explain ?  
Why, why, do these mere Roman scholars,  
Like puppy dogs, with papal collars,  
So loudly bark about the terrors  
Of strange perversion in translation,  
When heaven so well approves our errors,  
That thro' them God doth bless the nation ?  
"The tree shall you know by its fruit."  
This precept to the subject suit,

And history shows without coercion  
The Protestant the Christian version.  
When we may gather grapes of thorns,  
Or figs upon the thistle grow,  
Then may the papal "beast with horns,"  
His version of the Bible show;  
But until then 'twere vain to look,  
For truth unveil'd in such a book ;  
For if correct the text they quote,  
It is perverted by a note.  
No, candour, that pure Christian gem,  
Is seemingly all lost with them,  
Or why in Rome the papal hope,  
Do Protestants now guard the pope,  
And while they shield that "Holy" scoffer  
As heretics their pæans offer ?\*  
Why is truth thus with error spic'd  
Unless the pope be Anti-Christ ?  
Again there's something in the creed,  
However fair be its complexion,  
That soon will make the freeman bleed  
If but once bound to feel subjection.

\* The Swiss guard of the Pope has regular Protestant worship.—*See the Pope's annual Anathema.*

Their laymen may no doubt love truth,  
Yet Roman art their search refuses,  
Since train'd from infancy thro' youth  
To every trick that truth abuses,\*  
The priest well skill'd in knavery,  
Such smiles so weaves with slavery,  
As every heart may deep enthrall  
Which bows at the "confessional."  
And hence we solve the grave suggestion,  
By asking here another question,  
Shall foreign foes, thro' "absolution,"  
Guard Freedom's laws and constitution?  
Shall priests with "Penance" and their "Host,"  
Rule this, the realm of Freedom's boast?  
The subject then again we say,  
Is one that Freemen well should weigh,  
For to this point the question comes,  
Shall Anti-Christ protect our homes?  
Shall we to him submission give,  
Or Christians independent live?  
Shall we, as Catholics propose,  
The Bible to our children close,

\* See letters of Bishop Hughes, to Col. Stone, and the facts in reply, showing the bishop's veracity.

And in the absence of the “ word,”  
The prelate’s “mandate” here be heard ;  
And thus surrendering Freedom’s hope  
Bow in subjection to the pope ;  
Or shall we, battling Roman rules,  
The bible open through our schools,  
And in the path our fathers trod  
With Freedom bow and worship God ;  
From eve to morn, from morn till even,  
To place our hope our trust in heaven ?  
A question deep, of moment high,  
Involving time—eternity.

The patriot paus’d, and all was calm,  
When like some unexpected charm,  
There rose a sound from distant grove,  
Which rang through all the heavens above,  
And with a richly blended chorus,  
Was heard this hymn in strains sonorous.

Ours is the glowing sunset west,  
A wilderness of beauty,  
Of empires, ’tis a “Union” blest,  
By hierarch, nor king oppress,  
A land of christian duty.

It is the home the wide earth knows  
Of patriots undaunted,  
The realm, where no oppression grows,  
An El Dorado that 'mid snows  
The Pilgrim Fathers planted.

In wild romantic grandeur crown'd,  
It is a world of story,  
In greatness and in power renown'd,  
When young on tyranny it frown'd,  
And laurels gain'd of glory.

Yes, freemen, such a land is ours,  
To no intolerance given,  
And shall a pope's infernal powers,  
The Bible tear from Freedom's bowers,  
And cloud our path to heaven ?

Shall free-born yeomen bow to him  
Like papal slaves unletter'd ?  
In base submission heed each whim,  
Till Truth again in blood may swim ;  
And Liberty is fetter'd ?

No, freemen, battling for your rights,  
Like christians stand in armour.  
Remember Inquisition's night,  
When priests made dark the Gospel's light,  
And let your zeal grow warmer.

Count o'er the dangers of delay,  
The curse of Rome's dominion,  
The liberty we guard to-day,  
Is 'Christ,' the 'light,' the 'truth,' the  
    'way,'  
    'Faith,' 'conscience,' 'right,' 'opinion.'

'Then wake, arise, mark well the rod,  
No more indifferent wander,  
Observe the path the pilgrim trod,  
Guard, guard the Bible, worship God,  
His laws, his judgments ponder.

The music ceas'd while round the lay  
The Zephyrs play'd, then died away ;  
Till lingering in the distance dim,  
No more was heard the choral hymn.

But hark ! again is silence broken,  
What mean those accents firmly spoken ?  
“ Above the Union’s ensign stands  
A shield unwrought by human hands.  
It is the Wisdom from on high,  
Of truth the Word, integrity.  
Like Horeb’s stone, where judgments linger,  
’Twas writ from Heaven by God’s own finger.  
And like the “bush,” by fire illum’d,  
It still in flame stands unconsum’d.  
Its pages, stars of radiant light,  
Were open’d on the papal might ;  
And as the owl, to shadows born,  
Quails and retires before the morn,  
As deeds of darkness shun the day,  
So priest and prelate fled away.  
It was the “dove” that led the band  
Of “Pilgrims” to this sunset land ;  
Where by no hierarch oppress,  
The wand’rer found an “Ark” of rest.  
And here when gather’d storms and glooms,  
Its wings were fledged with eagle plumes,  
That while the “Dove” the Church yet warms,  
The “Eagle” guards the state from storms,

And thus to contrast peace with wars,  
The white and red blend with the "Stars,"  
That hence is seen in Scripture types,  
Young Freedom's flag of "Stars and Stripes."  
And while the sons of pilgrim sages,  
Guard in their homes these sacred pages,  
While in the church, the state, the school,  
The Bible precepts, yet may rule ;  
While still each generation looks,  
To Him, who wrote the "Book of books ;"  
Young Freedom's cause, tho' tempest tost,  
Shall triumph on till time be lost."

This warning voice the patriot heard,  
And bow'd, but answer'd not a word.  
He felt its force, he knew the cause,  
The Pope was trampling freedom's laws,  
The right of conscience and opinions  
Must be surrendered to his minions.\*  
The father came with hoary hairs,  
The mother sigh'd with mingled prayers,  
The brother told the sick'ning tale,  
Of sister in the convent veil,

\* See bull of Pope Gregory XVI., 1844, against the Christian League, the right of conscience, and the use of the Bible in schools.

While curses, tho' not loud, yet deep,  
Did o'er his features, trembling creep.  
All plead the path the "Pilgrims trod,"  
When children read the "Word of God ;"  
And ask as one of Freedom's rules,  
That "Bibles" still be read in schools.  
Yet cold, indifferent, to their woe,  
The priest and prelate answer no.  
But Freedom's watchmen listening heard,  
And soon was pass'd around the word,  
The "Native sons" arose at length,  
And girded on their father's strength ;  
And as they bend the birth-right bow,  
The heralds forth like strong winds go,  
From lawn to lawn, from dale to dale,  
    From plain to plain, from hill to hill,  
From wood to wood, from vale to vale,  
    From rock to rock, from rill to rill,  
From glen and glade, from grove and nook,  
From field and shade, from bower and brook,  
From forests deep, from ocean's tide,  
From mountains high, from prairies wide,  
From east to west, from south to north,  
One mingling burst rolls thundering forth,

“ What mean you now, you Roman rogues,  
You prelates foreign, demagogues,  
To tear the Bible from our schools,  
And chain the free by papal rules?  
Who beards the lion in his den,  
Should come unfetter’d, stand like men,  
Why seize ye then this base device,  
Like Satan once in Paradise,  
To snare the nation thro’ her youth,  
By planting error for the truth?  
Old Rome your policy we know,  
To freedom’s cause you are a foe,  
The truth all told is even worse,  
To liberty you are a curse.  
We ask not here that you review  
The slaughter at Bartholomew,  
But just remember that example,  
When you did Freedom’s “pennon” trample;  
When, by a preconcerted frown,  
The sons of freedom were shot down,  
And to efface your murderous fury,  
Your *laymen* libell’d the “grand jury.”

Yes, how your Judge could riot quench,  
By breathing treason from the bench.\*  
Rome, in your priestly wiles beware,  
Lest you Young Freedom too far dare,  
For when the church, the bigot arm,  
Then will her household take alarm.  
And from her lair when once she rouses,  
And fervently her cause espouses,  
In vain the papal arm may smite,  
As soon such deeds her sons requite,  
For men of nerve and men of skill,  
From mount and plain, from vale and hill,  
Like tigers rousing in their ire,  
Will bid such recreants retire ;  
Yes, priests must learn with their recruits  
That arm'd " mass houses " are a nuisance :  
The man that doth guard Freedom's cause,  
Can never rise above her laws ;  
Nay, tho' executive in chief,  
If he to scoundrels grant his brief,

\* See Catholic Address in reply to the presentation  
of the Grand Jury in the late riots.

And as a reckless politician  
Creates a mob by such permission,  
He for the act, however pitied,  
Before the Court must stand acquitted,  
For if the strong at laws may wink,  
The weak, perchance, may *speak* and *think* !  
The riot storm 'tis prudence weathers,  
Who sows the wind the whirlwind gathers.  
The social cloud, the threat'ning shower,  
Dispell'd must be by moral power.  
No fire arms flash in reason's course,  
The soldier wields a brutal force,  
For who would gravely call things men,  
That fell the peaceful citizen !  
The civil power hath mighty arm,  
To shield, protect, defend from harm,  
And this alone, the freeman knows,  
The martial sway the tyrant shows,  
And its employment with the free,  
Must rise from dire necessity ;  
For tho' twice thousands may be slain,  
The seeds of strife may yet remain,  
And ne'er with men will discord cease  
Till civil rights are held in peace.

Ours is the realm of Freedom's boast,  
The temple wherein dwell the braves,  
Time was nor shall the time be lost,  
When here unfurled our "pennon" waves,  
The sons of patriots, ne'er shall story,  
Our torn flag furl with tarnished glory ;  
Nay when the Native tocsin sounds,  
In vain the Roman harks his hounds,  
For tyrant forces stand at bay  
Like asses in the lion's way.  
Then, henceforth, let the nations know,  
That we have bent our birthright bow,  
That freemen born, guard freedom's cause,  
From papal foes, from foreign laws ;  
That while our rock-bound mountains stand,  
The cloud-girt bulwarks of the land,  
And while our "Eagle" on the wave,  
Doth cheer the free, and nerve the brave,  
'Tis ours young Freedom's fold to shield,  
In church, in state, in camp, and field,  
To stand through error's dangerous hour,  
And guard her cause by moral power.  
Yes, with the Bible in our hand,  
We fall, or independent stand.

It is the ark of Freedom's trust,  
The urn to shield the pilgrim's dust,  
The arms, the escutcheon of the free,  
"Palladium of our liberty."

The patriot smil'd with unfeigned joys,  
He saw the yankees were the "boys"  
To teach the Roman Catholics,  
"'Tis hard to kick against the pricks."  
He knew they waited but the when,  
To show that reason must rule men.  
Their fathers mow'd the wilderness,  
And still their sons its fields would bless.  
For as the vine entwines the oak,  
Nor yields embrace at lightnings stroke,  
But still holds on from day to day,  
'Till branch and trunk is passed away,  
And then upon some younger shoot,  
Some germ of the paternal root  
From whose time crumbled frame 'tis riven,  
It clings and climbs still on to heaven ;  
So will young Freedom hold the soil,  
The fathers bought with blood and toil,  
So shall their sons thro' generations  
Her cause defend before the nations.

The chosen vine the Pilgrim planted,  
Still spreads its shade o'er men undaunted,  
Nor will they tho' the sire go hence,

Forget while time may tell his story,  
“ *Beware of foreign influence.*”

“ *The freeman's birth-right is his glory.*”  
“ *The hist'ry of mankind doth show*  
*That prelacy is Freedom's foe.*”

“ *Trust not in priestly absolution,*  
*The Bible guards our constitution.*”  
*The civil sway must rule the free,*  
*The martial, tramples liberty.*

These are the themes on which we dwell,  
These are the maxims, sons will tell,  
And hence as States and realms increase,  
Will freedom triumph on in peace ;  
'Till kindred, tribe, and tongue, and nation,  
To honour high our “ Declaration,”  
Will carry out that glorious sequel,  
That “ Men of right are free and equal.”  
Then liberty the earth adorning,  
Will go forth like the rays of morning,  
And o'er the gloom of papal night  
Will rise the sun of gospel light ;

Then Freedom's anthems loud will roll  
From east to west, from pole to pole,  
And kingdoms without thrones will see,  
One festal day of jubilee ;  
Yes, then shall truth lift up her voice  
And all the nations shall rejoice :  
For popes and kings shall sleep in sadness  
And earth shall ring with joy and gladness ;  
While, here, as now, shall our descendants,  
Still celebrate their " Independence,"  
And ever true, the motto stand,  
I love " my own, my native land ;"  
I love the soil the Pilgrims trod,  
Their home, my country, and our God.

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#### ADDENDA.

The day pass'd on, when in reflection,  
The patriot chanc'd upon election,  
And tho' perhaps it strange may seem,  
That he should muse on such a theme,  
Yet as of old one was appointed  
To bear the news of heav'n's anointed ;  
So now to all the world was he  
The angel of this mystery.

For on the calm of evening's close,  
With fragrance, playing round the rose,  
While save the prattling of the rill,  
In silence all the grove was still,  
A voice replete with glad surprise,  
In thunder tones broke from the skies,  
And thro' the welkin bright and clear,  
'Twas thus it fell upon the ear—  
“ Friend, friend of man, 'tis thine to see,  
What henceforth Freedom's lot shall be.  
But as with wisdom ever blends  
The means that may accomplish ends,  
The future ken as in a glass,  
And mark the visions as they pass.  
The corner stone of elevation  
Is but the sceptre of the nation,  
And who would be or safe, or great,  
In truth must guard the helm of state,  
And not let *one* for persecution,  
Pervert the very Constitution ;  
For if the high, the laws may trample,  
The low will follow their example.  
To love young freedom with devotion,  
Is no protection from commotion.

The clouds that threaten most the free,  
Are men that rule through treachery.  
This fact remember, and behold  
How time doth error's deeds unfold.  
The storms that now around may wait,  
The evils that infest the State,  
Your hickory poles, your law defiers,  
Your riot makers, monks and friars,  
So lauded in their bud and bloom,  
Whose fruits you reap in blood and gloom,  
Are parables the present age  
May study at the " Hermitage ;"  
Yes, yes, " Democracy," thy name  
Has Freedom clothed in weeds of shame,  
For mobs and riots, as we see,  
Are sprouts of your own Hickory tree.  
Yet as the wave that floats the surge  
Doth lay the pestilential scourge,  
And as the clouds that waft the showers  
Refresh and purify the bowers ;  
So shall the strifes of this dark day,  
The feuds and broils of party lay ;  
So shall this trampling of the laws  
Make stronger, purer, Freedom's cause.

Yes, when the Fox has run and doubled  
The brood, the kennel has been troubled ;  
And one both fortunate and great  
Hath slept upon the throne of State ;  
And in his seat may sit his waiter,  
In word and deed an arrant traitor,  
Whose smile on foreign demagogues  
May like the "kiss" point out the rogues,  
A nest of Nullifiers, Locos,  
Repealers, and of other no-go's ;  
A sapling sprig, so brittle, wickery,  
That although christened the "Young Hickory,"  
A mushroom, upas branch, a sprout,  
By freemen to be rooted out ;  
Then shall you hail a glorious day  
A western star shall rise"—but stay,  
Or rather for a moment tarry,  
You mean not now the "Mill Boy," Harry !  
That he will plead the nation's cause,  
Defend and execute her laws ?  
"By all the auguries of Fate,  
That fix the destinies of State ;  
By every language of the flower  
That ladies read from bower to bower ;

By all the whisperings of the grove  
That echoing through the glades may rove ;  
And by the spirits of the hill  
Whose shadows leap from rill to rill ;  
On mount and plain this truth I scan,  
That " Mill boy," Harry, is the man.  
But hear, while I to you unfold  
A secret that may not be told.  
A fairer type of Freedom's nation  
May rarely fill that lofty station.  
In honour true, in virtue great,  
Nor lured by love, nor awed by hate ;  
An eye of fire, of manly form,  
With nerve to stem oppression's storm ;  
Unswayed by envy or ambition,  
Without disguise, above suspicion ;  
The friend of power, when not abused,  
The foe of Freedom wrongly used ;  
He is indeed a full grown man,  
A Native, an American."

But men are things of creeds and schools,  
'Tis principle the patriot rules.  
The measures of the man are they  
Which give him claim to place and sway.

You would not think a *Farmer* dare  
The sceptre of young Freedom bear,  
The friend of labourers, creatives,  
Mechanics and of all the Natives !  
“ Think ! if young Freedom, though grown tall,  
Could stand in Independence hall,  
And there proclaim to all her sons,  
Her daughters, and her little ones,  
The favorite measures of her Harry,  
*American* the name they carry.  
There’s scarce a shade his views assume,  
That adds not beauty to her plume ;  
There’s scarce a feature in his fame  
That gives not splendor to her name ;  
A deed, an act of his in station  
That brings not honor to the nation ;  
Or yet a link in his whole story  
That lends not lustre to her glory ;  
Think ! like Minerva clad with armour,  
In wisdom stands the Ashland Farmer ;  
A Mercury in eloquence,  
A “ tower ” for Liberty’s defence ;  
A “ pillar ” in the halls of Justice,  
The “ Scales ” in which the nation’s trust is ;

A Cincinnatus, self-made great,  
The very CLAY for robes of state ;  
And as the destinies decree  
'Tis Freedom's will, so let it be !"

The patriot smiled, then smiled again,  
And to the voice replied—" Amen.  
He surely may the State adorn  
The Old Dominion's Native born ;  
Of all her sons a nobler one  
We may not name save Washington ;  
Yes with such rulers just and clever,  
Must this our Union stand forever,  
And her example far extend  
Through earth till time itself shall end :  
Ay, nations yet unborn shall see  
The triumph of our Liberty ;  
While still the flock which Freedom gathers,  
Like us will bless the Pilgrim Fathers :  
'Their deeds immortal sound in story,  
And give to God the praise and glory."

The battle fought, the victory won,  
The tale is told, our task is done.

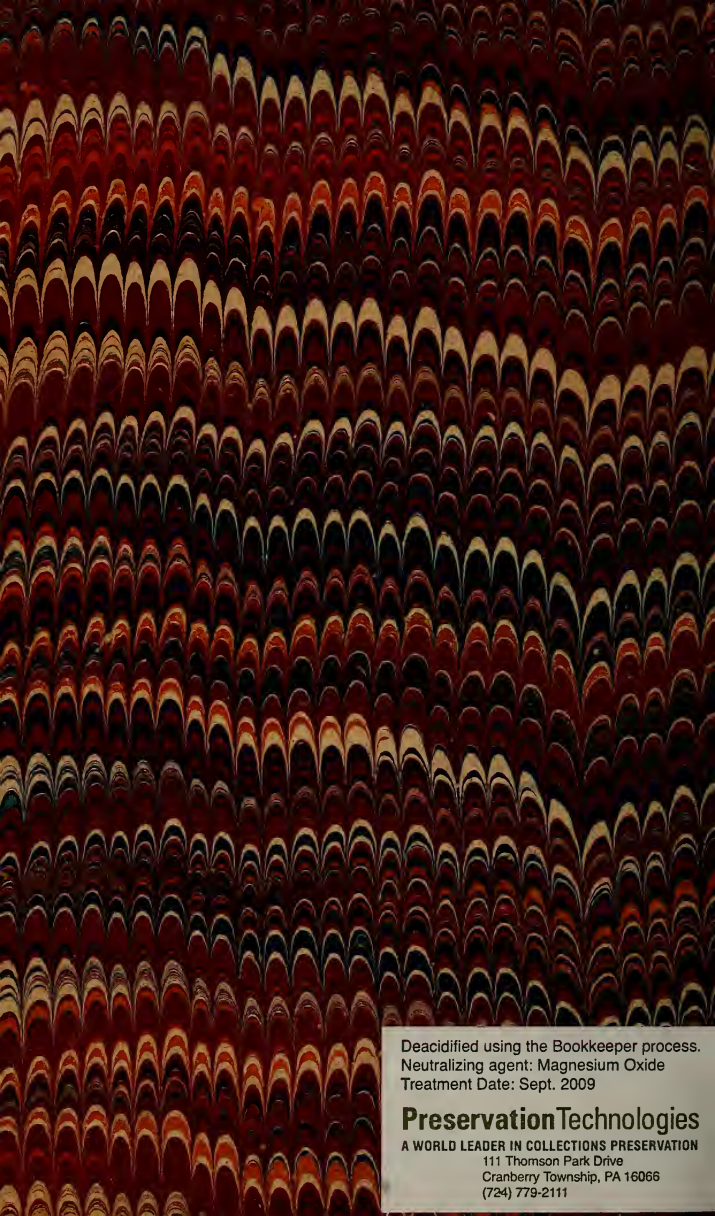












Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

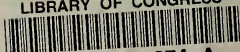
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